My Spolding Mod. Pull Kours Sp Pfolding Ames huy, 25 3 mo. 1866 Believe me, Lucy Lactom, it gives me real dorrow That I cannot take my carpet bag, and go to bown tomborrow; But I'm "Inow brind", and cold in cold like layers of an orion, Have biled my rack, and weighed me down , las with the back of Bunga The AnthEast wind is damper, and The An Threst mid is colder Oz, else the matter simply is that am growing older. And then I dave not bust a morn Deen over one's left I houlder, As I saw this with Ilender horns Caught in a West hill pine, As on a Stambout minarch Curves The arch importor's sign. To I must clay in Ameshing, and let you go your may And guess what colors greet your What shapes you clept delay. What pictured forms of healthen love of gods and godders please you,

What idot graven images you bend But why Thould I of wit duam Well knowing at you head goes, That flower of Christian homanhora, our dear good Anna Meadows; The'll he discreet, I'm dure, although The flung the Doges bridal ring, and married The Attantic, And Spite of all appearances, like Their got so many young Folks now The dont know what & do. But I must say I think it strange What Thee and Mrs. Salding Whose lives with Calvins pive railed creed home been so lightly walled in Thould quit you Purlanic homes and take The pains to go To far with malice afhethinght, Did Emmons hunt for pictures? Was. Ionaltan Edwards peeping Into the chambers of magery with maids for Janus weeping? x Eze 8:14.

Ah well! The times are Jadly Changed, and I myself am feeling The wicked world my Luaker Evat from of my shoulders beeling. God grant that in the strange new Ida of change wherein we dwim The still may kup the good old plants of simple faith in Him! P. S. My house kupers got the hisiok and gone away, and Lissie Is at home for the vacation with Hornce and trimmings busy. The Inow lies white about us, The brides again are dumb. The lying blue-frocked rascals that Etla us Spring had come; But in the words of Folly mill the Ewest May Howers lave making All ready for the moment of Nature's glad awaking, bome when they come; this welcome Thore; except when at the city In months I've scarce seen womankind, save when in Sheerest pity Gail Namillow Came up heside my lonely hearth to Lit

And make the Minter evening glad with modom and with long. And Janey Jeeling but the spir and not the curling bit; Lending a monant chain to what refore was tachelon sudeness. The Lord Eeward her for an act of disinterested gordness! And now, with live to Mrs. I and Mis I. God bless her! And hoping that my firtish thyme may not be a hangesson And wishing for your Jake and mine it more were, and writtien I leave it, and subscribe myself Thy old friend John G. Whittier. Mrs. J. J. Vilas had mirted Miro Lucy Lacon of come with any friend and see a collection of he Raphaelite pictures hought by her Sister. This Adams from Italy. Mis Lacom knew that me Whittier was intending to go to Boston Som and she asked him if he wined like to see The pictures on Time. The return mail brought the answer copied above

"Anna Madows" was the nomine de plume of Mis. Filos. J. V.
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Lields was Editor of the Multice thewat School, now Mrs. Pickard.